Diocesan Church of St. Mary

A SERVICE OF WELCOME AND THANKSGIVING

FOR

RETURNED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

OF THE

DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA

(Hymn numbers refer to the Hymnal for Soldiers and Sailors)

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous night,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

OUR FATHER

¶ *Here, all standing up, the Minister shall say,*

O Lord, open thou our lips.

Answer. And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.

Answer. The Lord's Name be praised.

Psalm 98: *Cantate Domino.*

O sing unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm: hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel: and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all we lands: sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also and shawms: O show yourselves joyful before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is: the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he is come to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall he judge the world: and the people with equity.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE FIRST LESSON Isaiah 11:1-9

36

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Bless Thou or native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

THE SECOND LESSON Ephesians 6:10-20.

48

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And Crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates.

THE APOSTLES CREED

Minister. The Lord be with you.
People. And with thy spirit.
Minister. Let us pray.

THE COLLECTS FOR THE DAY

FOR OUR DIOCESE

FOR OUR COUNTRY

FOR LASTING PEACE

¶ *Then shall be said the* SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING, *the Minister and People still kneeling.*

Minister. Almighty God, our heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we call to remembrance thy loving-kindness and thy tender mercies which have been ever of old, and with grateful hearts we lift up to thee the voice of our thanksgiving.

For the life thou hast given us, and the world in which we live:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For the work we are enabled to do, and the truth we are permitted to learn; for whatever of good there has been in our past lives, and for all the hopes and aspirations which lead us on toward better things:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For all the comforts and gladness of life; for our homes and all our home-blessings; for our friends and all the pure pleasures of social intercourse; for the love, sympathy, and good-will of men:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For the gift of thy Son Jesus Christ, and all the helps and hopes which are ours as his disciples; for the presence and inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, and for all the ministers of thy truth and grace:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For communion with thee, the Father of our spirits; for the light and peace which are gained through trust and obedience, and the darkness and disquietude which befall us when we disobey thy laws and follow our lower desires and selfish passions:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For all the discipline of life; for the tasks and trials by which we are trained to patience, self-knowledge, and self-conquest, and brought into closer sympathy with our suffering brethren; for troubles which have lifted us nearer thee and drawn us into deeper fellowship with Jesus Christ:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For the sacred and tender ties which bind us to the unseen world; for the faith which dispels the shadows of earth, and fills the saddest and the last moments of life with the light of an immortal hope:

R. We praise thee, O God.

V. For the gracious and loving care that has preserved these Thy servants in time of war and has restored them to their homes.

R. We praise Thee, O God.

V. O God of all grace and love, we have praised thee with our lips; grant that we may also praise thee in consecrated and faithful lives; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

31

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Address of Welcome—The Bishop of the Diocese.

Address—Mr. Albert Lucas.

Address—The Rev. Samuel B. Booth.

Hymn.

Final Prayers.

Benediction.

8

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
  And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

60

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  And humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
  Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage here
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of His terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires
of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in
the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgment seat;
O! be swift, my soul, to follow Him!
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ
was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let
us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*